

A SPENDTHRIFT PRINCESS

SHE AND HER HUSBAND SPENT \$5,000,000 IN FIVE YEARS.

Divorced and Married Again, She Spends Another Fortune and Now Keeps a Lodging House.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—Announcement that a parent recently was issued for the arrest of Princess Alexandra of Iseburg makes it permissible to unveil this lady's remarkable career. Princess Alexandra comes of one of the oldest and proudest families of the higher German nobility, for the Iseburgs can trace their descent back to a valiant warrior of the tenth century, and they were loaded with riches, honors and titles 500 years ago.

At the age of twenty Princess Alexandra married her kinsman, Prince Adalbert of Iseburg, who belonged to another branch of the family, and it was thought that the young couple had every prospect of lifelong happiness. Prince Adalbert was immensely wealthy and Princess Alexandra brought into the marriage a dowry of \$5,000,000. They were young, possessed nine magnificent homes and estates and had a brilliant social position.

Soon, however, things assumed a different aspect. Princess Alexandra grew cold



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF ISEBURG.

toward her husband and fell in love with an officer named Pagenhardt in a regiment stationed at Stuttgart, where they lived. Lieutenant Pagenhardt was of plebeian birth, penniless and not even good-looking. Nevertheless he was able to fascinate the Princess, who deserted her husband to throw in her lot with him. Prince Adalbert filed an action for divorce, citing Lieutenant Pagenhardt as co-respondent, and the decree was granted just two years after he had led Princess Alexandra to the altar. One year later Princess Alexandra married Lieutenant Pagenhardt, who, through her influence, was enabled to obtain the rank and title of baron. At the settlement of the divorce case Princess Alexandra had received back her dowry of \$5,000,000, so that she started her second period of wedded life with sufficient funds to live comfortably, though she was not so wealthy as she had been in her first marriage.

SPENT \$5,000,000 IN FIVE YEARS. Baron Pagenhardt and Princess Alexandra began to live in magnificent style shortly after their marriage. They maintained a palace at Stuttgart (for they continued to reside there notwithstanding the presence in the town of the princess's first husband), they had a country house in Bavaria, a shooting lodge in Tyrol, a villa in the Riviera, and a town residence in Berlin. At their various homes they kept several hundred horses and employed a regular army of several thousand domestics and servants of all kinds.

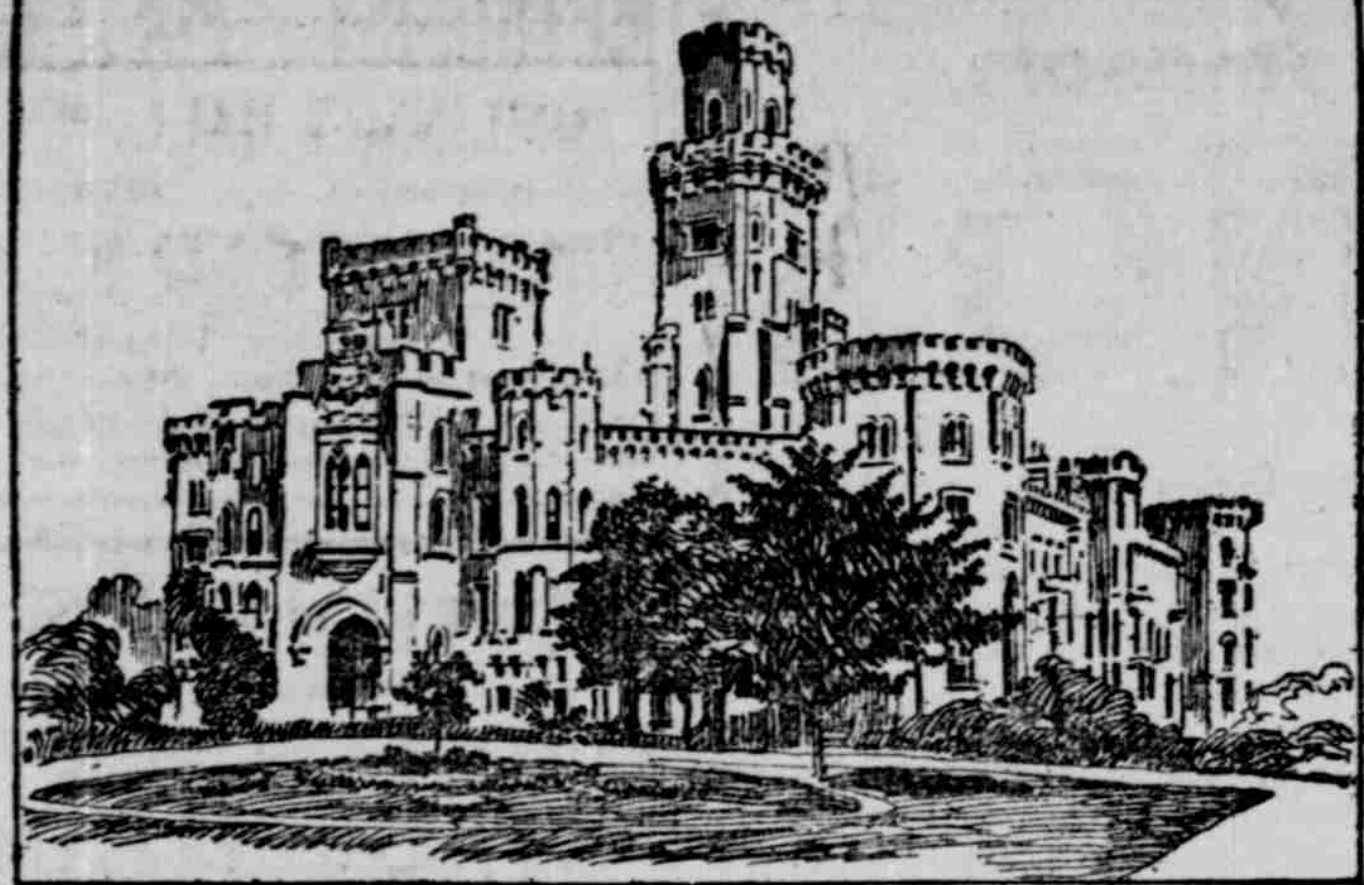
One winter they gave a banquet to 100 guests on 150 evenings in succession, and each one of the sumptuous feasts, at which the rarest dishes and choicest wines were served, cost a fortune. Princess Alexandra never wore an evening dress costing less than \$500, and frequently appeared in theaters and places of public amusement with diamonds valued at \$250,000. They kept a yacht almost as large as an Atlantic liner and never made a railway journey without their own special train, made up of the most luxurious sleeping, dining and saloon cars. Baron Pagenhardt never smoked a cigar costing less than \$1, nor did he ever offer a guest a less valuable brand than this one. It would have been clear to any rational individual that even a princely fortune would not last long at this rate of expenditure, but Princess Alexandra and her husband were utterly without any real conception of the value of money until it was all gone.

Almost immediately after their expensive style of living was commenced it became evident to them they could not keep it up on the interest yielded by the princess's fortune, so without hesitation they began to draw freely on the capital, of course with disastrous results. Within five years Princess Alexandra came into three substantial legacies, amounting altogether to \$2,500,000, but these failed to save them from ruin.

Counting capital and interest, the princess and her husband spent \$5,000,000 within five years, and when they had exhausted all their means, they began to borrow money from others. The style in which they had lived enabled them to do this with facility, for no one, not even the shrewdest of money lenders, had the least idea that they had come to the end of their resources. It was thought that some temporary financial difficulty had occurred, and funds for them were forthcoming in plenty at exorbitant rates of interest. This went on for about two years, until at last it came to be whispered about that the Princess and Baron Pagenhardt had lost their fortune. Immediately there was a panic among their creditors, who began to grow importunate in their demands for payment.

HER SECOND DIVORCE. At the first signs of trouble violent quarrels commenced between Princess Alexandra and her husband, each reproaching the other as the cause of their common misfortunes. Seven years after her second marriage, when she was just thirty years old, the princess became for a second time a divorcee. That was eighteen years ago. Since then her life has been one long struggle against impending ruin and utter disgrace.

Princess Alexandra sold her possessions in Bavaria, in the Tyrol, as well as her residences in Berlin and on the Riviera, and embarked on various financial speculations with the proceeds. She understood nothing of finance, so that her speculations were unsuccessful and dragged her still more into debt. Finding speculation unprofitable she went on the turf and sought to restore her fortunes by bold gambling on all the fashionable racetracks of Europe. Betting, however, proved to be as disastrous as her other financial speculations, and more debts were added to the princess's already appalling accounts. After these failures, Princess Alexandra lived



THE PRINCESS'S FORMER RESIDENCE, NEAR WAECHTERSBAACH, SOUTH GERMANY. This Was Her Favorite Home, and the Last One to Be Sold.

from hand to mouth for a couple of years, borrowing money in small sums of old acquaintances and contriving to get along with the help of all kinds of queer shifts. Her creditors, meanwhile, were receiving neither interest nor capital in return, and some of them resolved to take an extreme step, which the German law renders possible.

STREET FIGHT WITH BAILIFF.

One afternoon as the princess was walking down one of the streets of Stuttgart she was halted by the public bailiff, who produced a warrant authorizing him to seize for the benefit of creditors any portable property which she was carrying on her person. Accordingly, the princess was "held up" in the street while the bailiff and his assistants searched her pockets and, several articles of jewelry, of her purse containing \$5 and of several smaller articles. She resisted, with the result that there was a row in the street, ending in something like a free fight between the princess and the bailiffs.

This affair caused such a scandal that Princess Alexandra's relatives, who previously had washed their hands of her, felt bound to interfere to prevent their noble name being mixed up in any more street brawls with bailiffs. They declined to settle any of the enormous debts contracted, but they promised to pay Princess Alexandra an annual allowance of \$2,500 if she would leave Germany and live somewhere quietly out of the reach of further public scandals. The princess, being thoroughly tired of her life of shady adventure, accepted the proposition, and for the next ten years was conspicuous at English, French and Belgian watering places, spending the winters in Italy.

This semi-respectable life proved to be tedious for the gay princess, who broke out into her old ways about two years ago. Having contrived to obtain a substantial loan—it is not difficult for princesses to borrow money in Europe—she went back to the race course and recommenced gambling in the most reckless style. Losing money in this way, she tried financial speculations



BARON PAGENHARDT.

again, and once more she lost all that she had risked and contracted bigger debts in addition. Her next move was to Monte Carlo, where her losses continued.

SHE OPENS A HOTEL.

By this time her relatives, hearing that she had resumed her old practice, cut off her allowance, refusing her to be a burden on them. At the beginning of the year Princess Alexandra turned up at Stuttgart in shabby attire and persuaded a member of the Iseburg family to lend her enough money to start a hotel on the banks of Lake Constance. The hotel was opened on April 15, and the fact that the manageress was a princess was advertised extensively. Swallowing her pride, the princess actually worked hard in her new position, drew up the menu every day, engaged the waiters, received visitors when they arrived and was polite to them, and walked round the

WIFE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.



The birth of a little baby, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a surprise to many friends of the family. It took place at No. 13 East Fifty-fourth street, New York, recently. Mrs. Rockefeller, whose photograph is presented above, is doing well. She is a daughter of United States Senator Aldrich, of Providence, R. I.

restaurant at every meal to make the little bow which the proprietor in every eating house in Germany considers he owes to his patrons. The hotel cost more money than it produced and within two months its doors were closed and the princess disappeared from Germany.

On Aug. 15 it was announced by the courts of Stuttgart that the debts of the Princess Alexandra, of Iseburg, amounted to \$15,000,000, and that, so far as the creditors could ascertain, there was absolutely no seizable property to compensate them for their heavy losses. It was alleged that one usurer had committed suicide when he had discovered that he had lent money on bad security, and other sad stories of the distress caused by the princess's failure to pay her debts were related. Subsequently a warrant was issued authorizing the arrest of Princess Alexandra on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses and of contracting debts while knowing that she had no chance of repaying them.

Princess Alexandra, descendant of the famous knight of the tenth century, is now reduced to keeping a lodging house on a continental watering place. She is endeavoring to earn a living by honest means and hopes to be able to reform her ways. She does much of the housework herself and spares no effort to make the establishment a success.

HER AUSTRIAN CONFRERE.

Although his rank is not so high as that of the princess, there are striking points of resemblance to her story in the career of Baron Franz Josef von Lerchenfeld, who was sentenced in Vienna a few days ago to fifteen months' imprisonment and loss of title for contracting debts which he knew he couldn't pay. There is no doubt about the man's pedigree. He comes from one of the proudest of old Bavarian families; he is a grandson of Emperor Francis Joseph, and his mother was a playmate of the murdered Empress Elizabeth. He inherited a goodly fortune and lived for a time in the palace of the Archduke Ludwig Victor, trying to keep the pace set by the average Austrian archduke—the swiftest pace in all Europe. After wasting all of his fortune and borrowing all that his aristocratic friends would lend and squandering all he could out of the money-lenders, he reached the point where he was willing to fraternize with a hotel porter for the sake of a dollar loan. It was stated at his trial that he had inveigled \$10,000 out of poor folk on the strength of his title.

GEORGE WEISS, [Copyright, 1903, by Curtis Brown.]

Things Worth Knowing.

Philadelphia Inquirer. The sandwich is called for the Earl of Sandwich.

Mulligatawny is from an East India word meaning pepper water.

Waffle is from wafel, a word of Teutonic origin meaning honycomb.

Hominy is from amindumee, the North American word for parched corn.

Gooseberry fool is a corruption of gooseberry fowl, milled or pressed gooseberries.

Forecure is a corruption of farceure, from the French farce, stuffing—i. e., meat for stuffing.

Succotash is a dish borrowed from the Narragansett Indians and called by them mickquash.

Blanc-mange means literally white food; hence chocolate blanc-mange is something of a misnomer.

Charlotte is a corruption of the old English word charlitt, which means a dish of custard, and charlotte russe is a Russian charlotte.

Macaroni is taken from a Greek derivation which means "the blessed dead," in allusion to the ancient custom of eating it at feasts for the dead.

The Dreamer.

I smile at stupid men who cry

That life is out of gear,

Who go about with frown and sigh

And faces full of fear;

For I've had sorrow of my own

As dread as any ever known;

But when I feel inclined to groan—

Why then I try to dreamland,

Where happy visions throng,

Where souls are bright and hearts are light,

And life is like a song.

I only strive to glean the sweet,

As farmers harvest but the wheat,

And dark or sunny be the day

Of store for Memory something lay;

And when I feel across my way—

Why then I'm off to Dreamland,

Where happy visions throng,

Where souls are bright and hearts are light,

And life is like a song.

—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

MR. ROCKEFELLER AT GOLF

HOW THE GREAT FINANCIER FINDS DIVERSION ON THE LINKS.

Does Not Play Much, but Talks with His Friends and Keeps Tab on Business—Six Caddies.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 20.—When John D. Rockefeller plays golf it is one of the oddest games in the world.

He has two homes at Cleveland, one on Forest Hill, surrounded by fifteen acres of land, and the other a downtown residence, where he gave \$50,000 for a piece of property that he might tear down the house to give his residence the benefit of the morning sun. It is at his Forest Hill residence that he plays golf most.

The game is usually participated in by Mr. Rockefeller and Levi Scofield, a close personal friend of the great financier. Mr. Scofield is a retired architect, who owns a skyscraper in the heart of Cleveland. He is a veteran of the war of 1861, who has plenty of stories which he most thoroughly enjoys telling, and to which Mr. Rockefeller never tires of listening. These two men toddle about the links and talk mostly, playing golf incidentally.

Meanwhile, in the palatial residence, near by are scores of clerks, telegraph operators, stenographers and secretaries who are keeping in touch with the outside world very effectively. Mr. Scofield usually prepared before being given to him, the whole matter being condensed into a mental pellet. He received the news and made some remark. The girl said: "But Consolidated Gas is selling at 3." "Buy," said Mr. Rockefeller. The girl turned and was away, and I continued my story.

Most men are satisfied if they can get along with the assistance of one boy while playing golf. Mr. Rockefeller has six with him all the time. Mr. Scofield is likewise authority for this statement of the functions which each perform. Two boys carry the sticks, which are of great variety; a third carries a basket of balls for use in case one is missed; the fourth runs after the balls when they have been hit wild; for Mr. Rockefeller is not a scientific golf player and often makes a wild shot; the fifth pushes a bicycle, upon which Mr. Rockefeller rides from one part of the links to another, and the sixth carries a basket containing a large piece of immaculate cheese cloth with which Mr. Rockefeller removes the perspiration when he is hot. The bicycle boy must be a sturdy chap, because the richest man in the world seldom pedals his bicycle, having the boy push him from one place to the other.

But boys are irresponsible animals and care as little for the comfort of the founder of the Standard Oil Company as they do for any other irksome taskmaster. Consequently, when the war stories of Mr. Scofield are too long and not interesting enough to hold the boys themselves, they are sent to be recalled presently by the stentorian tones of their employer. The latter might possess histrionic powers, judging from the deep, resonant tones he uses in recalling turbulent young America.

MORE TALK THAN PLAY.

The golf links seem to be the debating ground for the great financier and his closer friends. Mr. Scofield displays his war record, while the Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D. D., often expounds there some of the mysteries of religion, engaging the great financier in debate upon some of the technicalities of theology. Mingle these with the pastime, add stock buying and selling, and golf becomes an interesting and a complicated game, worthy of even a great financier.

Those who know Mr. Rockefeller very well say that he is comparatively well content with himself, the world and his achievements. He does express rather an unusual regret recently in an unknown Hungarian has just completed two portraits of him. The parlor in his downtown residence was turned into an impromptu atelier and the man of millions gave the artist a sitting of an hour each morning for three weeks. When it was done, really, when they were done, for there were two of them, one being painted representing Mr. Rockefeller with hair and the other without—the fellow-parishioners were called in to witness the unveiling of the portrait. The minister, of course, was there. The great financier took the role of lecturer, while the artist stood by smiling consciously, the audience listening with rapt attention, with the minister in the foreground. Time came for judgment and the fellow-parishioners with one voice clamored for the one without the hair—a verdict in favor of realism in art. The great financier sighed.

"I wish I had learned to paint when I was young. I have always wanted to do something of that sort, or to sing—something artistic. But as for drawing, I could never draw anything."

And the minister led his congregation in a joyful and significant rejoinder: "Except checks," whereat Mr. Rockefeller smiled and changed the subject. Now this realistic piece of art hangs in that old-fashioned parlor, amidst its surroundings of old-fashioned mahogany furniture, old silver, old hair-cloth covered chairs, a strange piece of art in a very strange place, even if it is the parlor of a great man. There is a window near where it hangs which looks out on the street and the parishioners passing look in through it with smiles of pleasant memories. It's worth while to be very rich.

WHY HE IS THANKFUL.

Mr. Rockefeller recently gave a lecture in miniature on the influence of environs. He said:

"Until I was eight years old I lived in a small town where the religious influence was not very strong. Afterwards I moved to a larger city, where there were churches and Sunday schools. I sometimes shudder to think what I would have lost had I remained in that town."

"Yet, and think, too, what the world would have lost," put in the minister of Mr. Rockefeller's church.

"When I consider that I want to go on the lecture platform and tell people about it," said the financier.

"I don't think you would have any difficulty in getting engagements," said the pastor.

Just then a newspaper man came up and said:

"Mr. Rockefeller, your friend, Levi T. Scofield, says that when the war broke out in 1861, although you had then but \$10,000, you gave him \$500 out of your strong box and then guaranteed to give the family of each of twelve soldiers \$50 a year until the war was over. Do you remember whether that is true?"

"I guess that is a fact, if Scofield says it is, although I had forgotten all about it until now. There were few banks then

The Ayres Daily Bulletin.

A Few Fashion Facts by Way of SUGGESTION

AMONG BLACK SILKS peau de cygne is far away the favorite.

PLAID NECK RIBBONS full five inches wide and only 25c a yard are among present bargains.

LACE EDGED HANDKERCHIEFS have grown in popularity and are really very pretty in "glove sizes."

SLEEVE FULLNESS is ascending; whereas recently a sleeve was broadest just above the cuff, now this breadth is at the elbow.

HAIR NET FACE VEILS now have large dots of chenille sprinkled so profusely across the surface as to almost mask one's features. But they are stylish.

VELVET LEGGINGS are new this year. Not only are they comfortable and serviceable, but much richness is added to a little maid's attire when they are worn.

"JACQUARD" STOCKINGS are the latest, gray being the popular color, which for the sake of variety is often illuminated with pink or some other harmonizing color.

PRINTED LOUISINE RIBBONS at 19c are especially designed for the bordering of kimonos. These may be had in several color combinations and measure in width quite four inches.

SOME EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY lunch cloths come from Austria. Their peculiar beauty rests upon over-cast drawn work considerably different from what one usually sees.

A DECIDED NOVELTY in small furs is the "four-in-hand" stole. This style is being shown in all sorts of fur from the dainty moleskin and ermine to marten and Persian lamb.

GOLD THREAD is coming back as a component essential of the fashionable Persian band dress trimmings. Flitter and spangles are also among the things to be, just ahead.

PROPHECY SAYS the silks of the near future will be soft and of great brilliancy in finish. Messaline is the name by which this coming fabric is known, but so far it is very scarce and expensive.

THE AMOUNT OF GOODS required to make an "1830" skirt is an efficient bar against its wide popularity. To make one of these very full skirts properly requires not less than nine yards of yard-wide goods.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST pieces of neckwear shown this year is now on view. This is a creamy broadcloth collar, illuminated with gold and light blue, extended into almost a cape by closely plaited liberty silk.

THE POPULARITY OF PLUM and dahlia shades is reflected in numerous iridescent and flitter hair ornaments. These new hair ornaments promise in their novelty and beauty an unusual vogue as holidays approach.

STREET COATS are more varied in both shape and material than usual. Military styles prevail among those for young girls, ulsters draw forth the admiration of their grown sisters, while cape styles find favor with almost every one.

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS, with colored embroidery, are more elaborate than ever; \$12.00 a pair is not an unreasonable price for the handsome styles, although it is to be confessed that a \$2.00 to \$3.00 quality is more frequently selected.

JAPANESE KIMONOS are being taken more seriously by those who appreciate art in habilliment. One often finds the lady of the house arrayed in true Japanese style, and the silk garments direct from the Orient may now be found in all high-class stores.

THE MILLINERY FAD of the year is to have one's hat match the costume with which it is to be worn; and a very pretty and sensible fact it is. The milliner's only objection is that few women who know will buy from ready-made stock, but insist rather that their hats be made to order.

FOR A DRESSY BLACK FROCK no other material approaches crepe eolian in real beauty. It is almost necessary to pay \$1.25 or more a yard for a nice quality, but not advisable to buy better than such as sells at \$2.00 or \$2.50. Finer than these latter goods the material is not so strong as it is beautiful.

MEMBERS OF THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION.

L. S. Ayres & Co.
Indiana's Greatest Distributors of Dry Goods

that were reliable, and we kept our money in our safes. I had but \$100.00 then."

"You give away that much a day now in private charities, don't you?" put in the pastor of the church.

"Yes, I suppose I do," said the man who makes \$10,000 an hour and whose great problem in life is to keep that from accumulating. But in his charities he is not promiscuous, regardless of his large expenditure toward that cause. He has a board of eight members who attend to that exclusively.

A position on this board is no sinecure. About all of the mail which Mr. Rockefeller gets is charity requests and amounts to tons of matter in a year. All of these requests are passed upon by the board. If the object is worthy the check goes out immediately, but it is never signed by Mr. Rockefeller himself. A secretary of a New York trust company does that. The only things which ever get his signature are those which imply obligations. The fulfillment of these obligations is done by another hand than his.

The thing which strikes the man who sees him after a number of years is that in ten years his appearance has completely changed. He looks like Russell Sage some what, shallow, leather-skinned and quite heavy as compared with former years. The old painting of Eastman Johnson bears no resemblance to the man of to-day, except that the eye has not changed. The Rockefeller of to-day is a different man from the one of ten years ago in all points save as to his wealth, his shrewdness and the keenness and fascination of his eye. The story about Mr. Rockefeller's baldness could not have been overestimated. Both head and face are bare of a vestige of hair.

Romanes of a Clock.

London Daily Mail.

For the sum of 15 guineas there was disposed of in Edinburgh on Saturday a grandfather's clock which possesses a remarkable history. About a century ago there lived in Bannockburn a widow named Betty Wilcox, who in her youth was de-

serted by her father, an English soldier, on his way south after the battle of Culloden. She married a man named Duncan, "the only son" of a Scottish laird, and was captured during the war with Russia by a cruiser of the Czar Alexander I. The laird's daughter, who was then a girl of sixteen, and sent them to the Czar, with a letter praying for her son's release. The Czar was greatly moved at the mother's petition, and at once set the sailor free, dispatching to Betty a handsome sum of money. With part of the money she bought the clock, and had painted on it scenes illustrating her son's captivity.

JEWELS LEFT STOCKING.

Fortune in Rich Jewels Lost from Filmy Piece of Hosiery.

New York Press.

Jewels and money can be kept in other places than safe deposit vaults—except on rainy days. But Mrs. Frances Stirling admits now that those places should be constructed of stronger material than silk with much openwork. A jewel box is likely to break through such filmy bounds, even if it is made of the most durable material, and at once set the sailor free, dispatching to Betty a handsome sum of money. With part of the money she bought the clock, and had painted on it scenes illustrating her son's captivity.

C. ANESHAENSEL & CO.

The Leading Plumbers and Pipe Fitters.

Nos. 29-33 East Ohio Street.

Stirling went to her apartment in the Powhatan, at No. 25 West Thirty-fourth street. There she thought she'd transfer the \$5,000 freight to a stronger resting place. There was a swish of skirts, the reaching down of a hand, a scream, and Mrs. Stirling fell in a faint. In the right stocking, above the ankle, she discovered a great tear. The bulge had vanished.

Mrs. Frankel told the hotel clerk, who informed the police. When Mrs. Stirling regained consciousness the two women went over the ground they had traveled in their trip from the jewelry store, in the faint hope of finding the jewels. They made inquiries in the "L" road lost property office in the Pennsylvania Railroad station, but without success.

Yesterday Mrs. Stirling offered a reward of \$1,000 for the return of the jewels. Last night she was under the care of a physician. It was said she had not closed her eyes since she discovered her loss. Her family lives in Devonshire, England. Since the death of her husband, eight years ago, she has lived in Washington. The jewels were: Half a dozen rings, valued at \$1,000; several pique's-blood rubies, a diamond sunburst, with turquoise chain; several uncut diamonds, and a pin set with 25 diamonds in the form of an alligator. This pin alone is valued at \$2,000. Mrs. Frankel says. It was presented to Mrs. Stirling by Count Pallandt, of Sweden.

"I have told Frances many times how careless she was to carry her jewels in her stocking," said Mrs. Frankel. "You see the stockings were such filmy ones, all lace, you know—that is, not all lace, but about half way up. Well, you know the kind. The \$1,000 will certainly be here for the person who finds the jewels. I do so hope that they will be recovered."